

FEMININE FANCIES THINGS OF INTEREST to WOMEN

Some Laundry Hints

HANG up clothes by the thicker part, waist or neckbands, etc. If hung by the thinner part the water will run into the thicker part, looge there, and take longer to dry. Hang up everything wrong side out, so that any accidental soiling will not do as much damage as though it appeared on the right side.

Many people have been annoyed at finding their irons quite rusty after they have been put aside for a few days. One of the best ways to prevent this is, before you put them away to rub a little warm grease over them and then wrap them up in brown paper. In taking them out to use, dip into hot water that has had a small piece of soda dissolved into it, rubbing and then putting them on the stove to heat in the usual way.

When they are ready to be used on the ironing board, have a piece of brown paper with a little powdered bath brick on it and rub the surface of the iron with this. It seems a lengthy process, but it really does not take long, and housewives will be rewarded for the trouble they take. The irons will be delightfully smooth and easy to use, and when they are like this the ironing can be done twice as quickly.

In folding clothes for ironing, each article should always be folded lengthwise, as the thread that runs in that direction is always the strongest in the cloth. These threads go around the loom, while the wool, which goes to and fro over and under the long threads, is not so strong, so that ironing crosswise will not only draw the article out of shape, but will cause it to wear more quickly. This should be especially watched in ironing table and bed linens.

A Napoleon Flag.

Lord Archibald Campbell has presented to the army museum in Paris a curious relic of Napoleon. This is the flag which the latter flew on the day of Elba during his captivity there. The flag is square, white and fringed with gold, bearing three gold bees and a diagonal scarlet stripe. The staff carries a white and scarlet scarf, having also three gold bees.

Mr. Justwed Celebrates THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

VARIOUS plans for a fitting celebration of the Glorious Fourth had been formulated and discussed among the boarders at Mrs. Groucher's and discarded as not quite adequate for so impressive an occasion. Besides, as is sure to be the case in any boarding house, there seemed to be decided differences of opinion as to the nature of the jollification. Should it be an old-fashioned one—with fire-crackers and spitting devil-chasers and miniature cannon booming away and making the day hideous with noise? Or should it be a modern one—a safe and sane celebration in keeping with the standards now being adopted pretty generally all over the country?

Mr. Meekton—he of the imperious, domineering frau—came out boldly and eloquently in favor of an ear-splitting hooray celebration such as was in vogue when he was a boy. He argued at great length, and with feeling, too, that the youth of the country were becoming effeminate—and that if they couldn't express their patriotism on the Fourth of July when, in heaven's name, could they do it? Such practices, he argued, tended to destroy all patriotism and make of the race a namby-pamby breed.

With equal warmth—and no little irony—Mr. Groucher declared that Mr. Meekton was the last man in the house to be looked up as an authority on patriotism—since he hadn't spark enough even to declare a Declaration of Independence against the loss of his own wife. Which shot evidently hit the mark, for despite Mrs. Meekton's querulous insistence and chagrin at anyone daring to oppose her, Groucher and his adherents carried the day.

So it was decided that the celebration should be a safe and sane one. But rather than settling the matter the decision seemed only the beginning of discord. Every woman on the place seemed to have a distinct and

definite idea of precisely what constituted a safe and sane Fourth. And every last woman appealed to her husband to support her in her contention. The men did their best, to be sure, to keep out of it, but—when a woman will she will!

Of course, in the end, Mr. Groucher had to come to the front and assume command. He did so in a conciliatory fashion. He tried to satisfy everyone of the women and incorporate at least one of her ideas in the general scheme. How successful he was may be inferred from the fact that he walked the floor of his hall bedroom the entire evening of the 23rd.

Mr. Justwed? Somehow Homer-dear seemed strangely disinterested in the whole proceedings. In deed one might say that he was excessively bored by them. Mrs. J. had done her best to rouse him to a feeling of antagonism against a noisy and dangerous Fourth. To all of which Mr. J. agreed promptly and nonchalantly. And that was the uttermost Mrs. J. could accomplish with him. As to taking sides, one way or the other, he refused point blank to have anything to do with it, and washed his hands of the whole affair in a most irritating fashion.

But for several evenings before the Fourth, when the shades of twilight closed down about the place, Mr. Justwed seemed strangely bent upon taking solitary walks off from the house along the boardwalk that led down to the tracks of the trolley line. And presently, one by one, every husky young shaver of trouser age on the place seemed equally possessed with an appreciation of the desirability of exercise after a heavy dinner.

Once safely out of sight of the house, however, they struck out boldly for the little box station on the trolley line. And there they encountered no less a personage than Mr.

Homer Justwed himself! When all were present they gathered around Mr. J. and listened earnestly to him. Heads were close together and there was much whispering and subdued laughter. Then presently, like the arch conspirators they were, they stole cautiously and swiftly back, one by one, and slipped again into their accustomed seats on the veranda, every last one of them bubbling over with exuberance at being in a secret with Mr. Justwed.

It was the evening of the Fourth and the boarders were grouped comfortably on the lawn under the spreading trees. The shades of night had fallen and the cigars of the men glowed like fireflies through the dusk.

Mr. Groucher was exceedingly pleased with himself and the world in general. And why shouldn't he be? Hadn't the safe and sane Fourth celebration—which he had been master of ceremonies—gone off without a hitch? Wasn't he being complimented on all sides for the cunning little flag drill by the children, the floral games he'd arranged and the splendid essay he had written and read on the Fourth of July in American history?



He was!

And now with everyone lounging on the lawn in easy chairs, after a corking dinner—the little patriotic song service he had planned as a fitting climax to the day's program was about to begin.

Just as he was preparing to start the first song the figure of a woman was deserted coming up the boardwalk that led from the trolley line to the house. She was a tall woman and she walked with a free, swinging stride, despite the weight of the suitcase she was carrying. She seemed certain of where she was going and she was getting there as rapidly as she could.

"Somebody coming—wait a minute!" whispered Mr. Groucher to Miss Simpkins, the maiden lady who'd volunteered to "lead" the singing. "Guess somebody's asked her out from town to enjoy the songs with us."

And of a sudden, as is always the case, a silence fell upon the group, each watching the approach of the stranger without appearing to do so.

Mr. Justwed was in the midst of an argument with young Jones on the railroad rate bill when he became conscious of the silence and turned to ascertain the cause.

Just then Mrs. Justwed sprang up from her chair and fairly hurled herself at the stranger.

"Oh, Mommer, Mommer!" she cried, joyously, "I—I didn't expect you until tomorrow—I'm so glad you've come—you thought I wrote you to come today? Well, well! No wonder you were surprised when nobody met you at the station. Come right up to my—"

"Boom-m-o-o-oom! Chackety-crack-crack!"

Men jumped. Women screamed. Children ran. And the very heavens themselves seemed showering down their stars and comets and Big and Little Bears and such things.

Out of the uproar came a strident

Amazonian shriek, sounding far and high above the rest of the noise.

It was "Mommer." A Roman candle, or maybe it was a skyrocket, had hit her full upon the hand!

In a second the discharge of fireworks was over, and the astonished boarders had opportunity to catch their breaths.

Mr. Groucher rushed over to Mrs. Justwed.

"I do hope your mother is not injured, Mrs. Justwed!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "I don't know who's responsible for this—but whoever is he ought to be hung!"

"Whow-whow-ow-ow!"

All eyes turned as one to the side of the lawn from which the shriek came. Little Johnny Parker, 12 years old, and the most mischievous little shaver on the place, came bursting through the shrubbery, wringing his hands and yelling at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked a dozen voices at precisely the same moment.

"Whow-whow!" replied Johnny, listlessly. "I burnt my fingers setting off them fuses—whow-whow!"

Just then Johnny's mother took charge of him. But she was hurried from the kitchen—linseed oil, antiseptic cotton, witch-hazel, and even paregoric. Johnny was soon somewhat mollified.

But "Mommer" was still gasping for breath and wringing her hand.

Mr. Groucher stepped up and caught little Johnny in a by no means gentle grasp.

"What do you men, sir, by setting off those firecrackers?" he growled.

"I—I—I didn't—boo—boo—do nothing—but—boo—light—boo—em!" wept Johnny.

"Who gave them to you?" insisted Mr. Groucher, sternly.

"I—I—boo—boo—Mr. Justwed—boo—"

And, finally, the entire story was drawn from the reluctant little rascal.

Paris Fashion Notes

Black and white checks and stripes are much in evidence in Paris this summer. They are in silk and woolen materials.

Bright iridescent materials are used this summer as much as they were in the spring, but always veiled.

Many of the new sashes are edged with fringe and silk tassels.

Patent leather ties with suede vamps in lighter shades are worn on the entire. With these stockings are worn to match the costume exactly. Long silk coats are worn over mouseline gowns. Many of them are of supple material and are gathered in to deep straight bands at the lower edge.

Chinese, Japanese and Romanian embroidery appears on many of the linen and silk costumes in patches of color that bring into distinctive evidence the influence of the East and the importance of hand embroidery.

Cameo buttons for the cuffs and a cameo set of pins and belt buckles are considered quite smart. Dark jewelry accentuates one's height and figure to a great extent.

Yes, the entire story of how Mr. Justwed—Mr. Homer Justwed—had deliberately led the boys of the house in a conspiracy to string firecrackers through the trees and had shown the boys how to set them off at the psychological moment when Mr. Groucher was beginning the first strains of "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."

Everybody looked for Mr. J. Has anybody seen—not Kelly, but—Justwed, Justwed?

No! No, indeed! For Mr. J. had beat it while the going was good!

An hour later a man toiled wearily and cautiously up the boardwalk. Everyone else had retired.

"Darn it!" exclaimed the man as he stumbled over a loose board.

"Never again for mine! A little old sane and safe Fourth looks good to me. 'Mommer' never will go home, now that she's burned. Dog on it!"

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

Wild ducks are estimated to fly 96 miles per hour. Swallows fly somewhat faster.

A CORNER FOR MEN

LITTLE TABLES OF THE RISING YOUNG MAN

THERE were once two Rising Young Men who looked upon the Ways and Means of Getting On in the World much as American Nation now looks upon Fourth of July.

Chap No. 1 believed in Noise and rockets and fireworks.

Chap No. 2 in a Safe and Sane program, and, naturally, one was Foolish and Other wise—just as with the Two Nations on this Fourth of July question.

Chap No. 1 was a staunch adherent of the "Shoot off the fireworks!" policy. He believed in plenty of Noise and plenty of Red Fire. Nothing was doing, he argued, unless it was done with Display. A loud "Boo-oo," he thought, could always cover a multitude of deficiencies. Dazzle people by the Way in Which You A Thing, he told himself, and they'll have time to be inclinable to believe in lighting the fuse.

Chap No. 2 was somewhat different. He didn't believe in fireworks, but in a Safe and Sane pursuit of the Thing He Was After. He couldn't see the object of sending a Skyrocket soaring up into the air—only to have it explode and fall back to Earth a Useless Stick. A Noise, without a Charge that bit into the Hard Rock behind it, was to him just—Noise!

And Red Fire as the Beginning of an enterprise was but money Gone Up in Smoke—its place was at the End in celebration of a Thing Accomplished.

A Braggart, he argued, is a Blow-Hard, but also a mighty quick Blow-Out. And to begin with a Gentle Murmur, he held trying and testing every Step on the Way; and to end with a "Sis-boom-bang!" is the way to put the Noise at the proper place on the Program.

To conceal what you're striving for rather than make a display of it was the Safe way to conduct an Enterprise, according to his standards. He didn't believe in Shooting just to raise a little Smoke and Make a Noise; and he couldn't see the Sense of Going Off at a Half-Cock when no gun ever made Hit the Mark unless it is fired from a Full-Cock!

Chap No. 1 was Unsafe and Insane—practically.

Chap No. 2 was a strong Antagonist of Burned Fingers, Ambulance and Accident.

Chap No. 1 succeeded—sometimes.

Chap No. 2—always, if it was up to him to win the success.

The one had always and Expected a Casualty List in everything he went into.

The other generally emerged from an Enterprise with a Clean Bill of Health.

He was a Blow-Hard and a Burnt-Out; a Fuse that died out before it reached the Powder; a little Fife Cracker in a bunch of Giant Ones.

Now, Chap No. 2 was somewhat different. He didn't believe in fireworks, but in a Safe and Sane pursuit of the Thing He Was After. He couldn't see the object of sending a Skyrocket soaring up into the air—only to have it explode and fall back to Earth a Useless Stick. A Noise, without a Charge that bit into the Hard Rock behind it, was to him just—Noise!

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A Dainty Swiss Cottage, Costing \$1,000

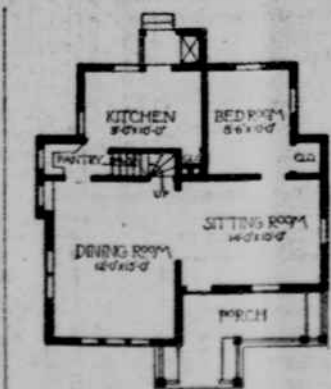


DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. EDGWICK, ARCHITECT.

THE question is often asked: How much of a cottage can I build for one thousand dollars? Here is one answer: A cottage 27 feet 6 inches wide by 26 feet 6 inches deep, with four rooms on the ground floor—sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and bedroom—all finished in Norway pine and finished with a mission stain.

The house is well built, sheathed on the outside, papered and shingled, back plastered and plastered on the inside, with a smooth cut for papering. A small basement under the kitchen and bedroom. There is space on the second floor for two small rooms if required. This would add somewhat to the expense.

The roof is steep pitched with a high-pitch gable porch in front, showing timber construction, wide projecting eaves and rafters showing, and hooded windows, giving a "Swiss" appearance. The color scheme is as follows: Wall shingles, brown; roof



shingles, red; shingles on the window hood, red, and all trimmings, casings, cornices, plasterwork and window sash painted white. This will give a very pretty effect. The floors may be of

linen crash lamp shades. A housewife should look into the possibilities of linen crash as a lamp shade. Some of the smartest shades possible are made from this material, which can be purchased in any shade desired. It can then be decorated to suit one's personal taste, though a heavy fringe, about the same color as the shade, is the best decoration.

Few persons have noticed that a tree often takes on the shape of the fruit it bears. The pear tree is shaped conelike, the apple always has a round shape and the cherry tree is shaped very much like a cherry.

Anyway, the man who boasts of his ability as a liar isn't a hypocrite.

Ganjah Smoking in the West Indies.

IN California and down through Central America and the West Indies the practice of smoking Ganjah, or Indian hemp, has been introduced within recent years. Ganjah smoking follows the Hindu. The plant is indigenous to the tropics and was used to a limited extent by the Aztecs of Mexico. In India it has been a curse for centuries.

When the East Indian laborer was introduced to the West Indies about 30 years ago, he brought with him the ganjah. He encouraged the use of the weed among the natives, and more recently did the same evil turn for California; so that at the present time ganjah smoking is prevalent from the Canadian border to Panama.

The plant needs no cultivation. It grows luxuriantly, usually in patches, wherever the climate is warm and the ground moist. The leaves are charged with a powerful narcotic, and the method of use consists merely of gathering them when they are half

dry, cramming them into a pipe and inhaling the heavy, white smoke. Ten or twelve inhalations produce a pleasant stupor. This gives way to action and buoyancy of limb.

The smoker becomes very quarrelsome and is obsessed with the idea of blood. He is backed up by a conviction of his own courage, no matter how timid he may be in his normal state. As the drug gains further control over him he grabs up the first weapon and rushes forth to kill. Wherever ganjah is smoked murder is a common crime. Taken in smaller quantities—five or six inhalations, and on an empty stomach, the drug has the effect of imparting an unnatural energy.

Tasks requiring great strength and powers of endurance become easy, and for several hours the smoker feels no fatigue. The persistent use of ganjah weakens the brain and impairs physical strength. The victim eventually becomes a wreck.

The Uses of Cottonseed

Few persons are aware of the great number of uses for cottonseed. From the clean seed are obtained lintners and meats and hulls, the hulls making the best and most fattening food for cattle that has yet been found. From the lintners are gathered material for mattresses, felt wads, paper, rope and a certain grade of underwear, likewise cellulose out of which gun cotton is made. The meats furnish oil and meal, the oil after refining being now almost in universal use in the kitchens of this and other countries. Before refinement to the edible stage the oil is known by many names, such as salad oil, stearine, winter oil and white oil, oleomargarine being the product of stearine.

The white oil is a chief ingredient in compound lards. The original oil, also known as soap stock, has fatty acids used in the manufacture of soaps, roofing tar, paints and glycerine, and from this comes the explosive nitroglycerine. The meal, aside from its use as cattle provender, is transformed into bread, cake, crack-

ers and even candy. From the seed is now prepared an emulsion which has been proved of value to those suffering from the dread tuberculosis.

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